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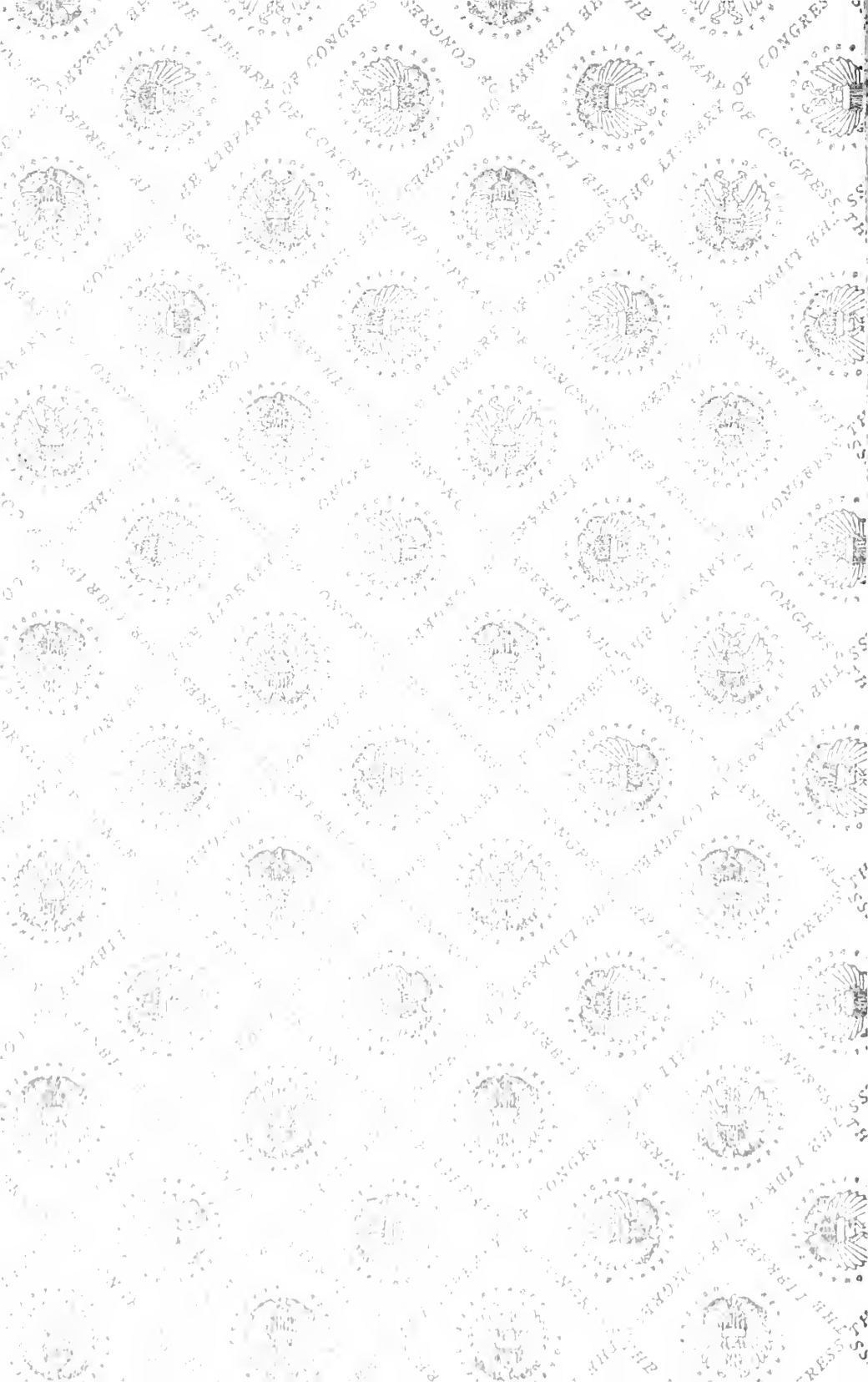
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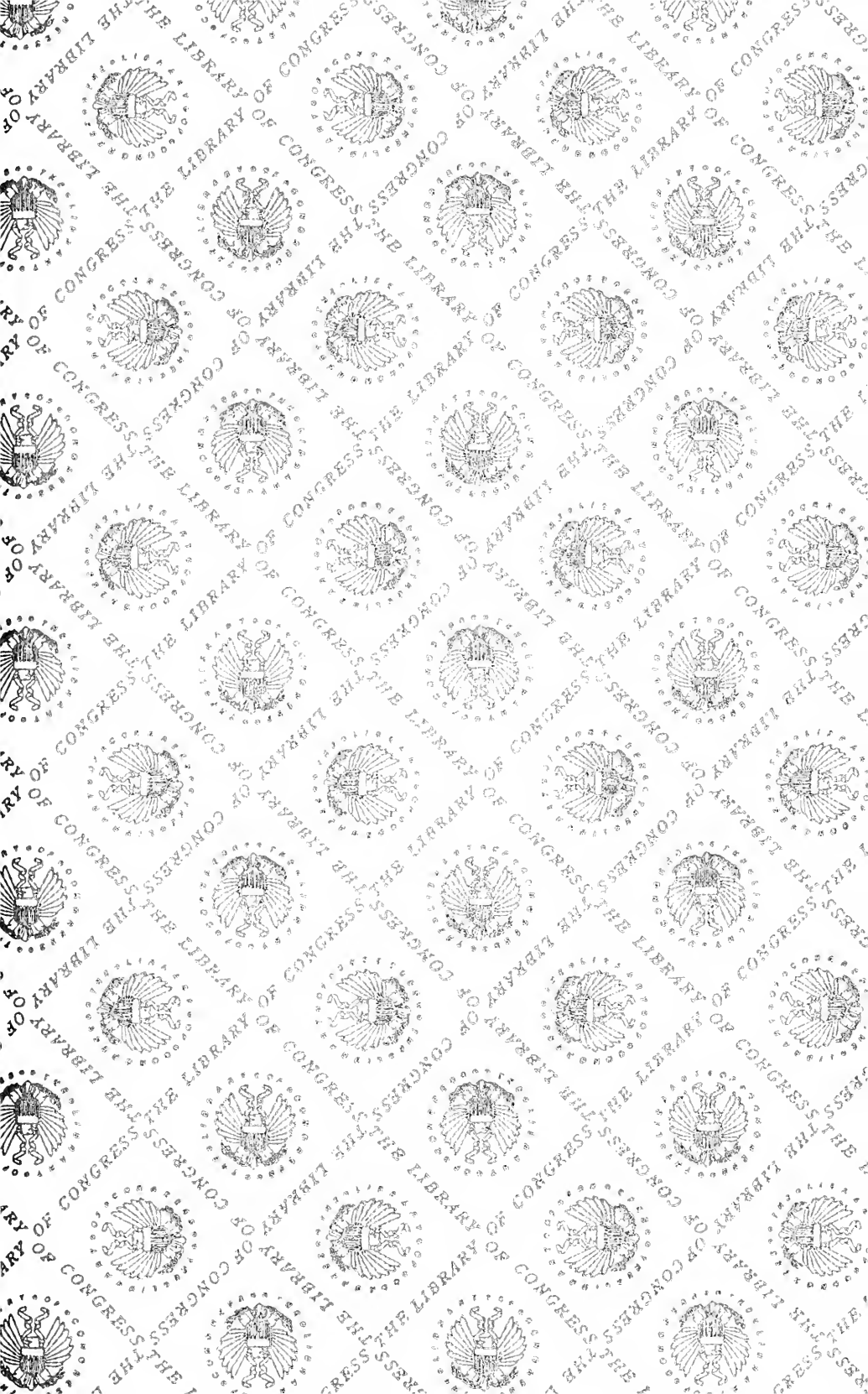
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LINCOLN DAY CONVOCAATION

FOR THE
UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS

By
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

LINCOLN DAY CONVOCAATION

FOR THE
UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS

By

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

Urbana-Champaign
Illinois
1918

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FEB 25 1919

THE PERSONS OF THE CONVOCATION

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE DEANS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE

THE UNIVERSITY COMMANDANT

THE COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES SCHOOL OF
MILITARY AERONAUTICS

AMERICA

ILLINOIS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION

FOR THE
UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS

On the platform of the Auditorium of the University of Illinois is raised a dais, on which are two seats. In front at either side are groups of seats.

The Music plays a Prelude in march time, composed by J. Lawrence Erb on the Lincoln theme. From one side there enter the President and Deans of the University of Illinois, and the University Commandant, and the Committee on Lincoln Day Convocation. From the other side there enter the War Committee of the University and the Commandant of the U. S. School of Military Aeronautics. They take seats on either side at the front. When the music comes to an end, the President of the University rises.

PRESIDENT: Men, Women of the University,
My fellow-members of the Faculty,
And Students in these various Colleges:—

This is the day whereon the greatest son
Of Illinois was born,—that kindly man
Who in his single-hearted self summed up
The best of all that—North, and South, and East,
And West—we strive to be; and therefore who
Has well been called “The First American”.
On February twelfth, in eighteen nine,
Near Hodgenville, Kentucky, on a farm,
Was Abraham Lincoln born.

Wherefore this day
In all the States by law is duly held
In honor and in grateful memory,
And I today as President have called
The University of Illinois
In worthy Convocation, fittingly
To recognize this anniversary.

*As the President returns to his seat, all the people join in
singing four stanzas of the State Song,*

ILLINOIS

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois, Illinois!

Thou didst hear thy country calling, Illinois, Illinois,
Mid the din of war appalling, Illinois, Illinois,
Then thy courage and thy will
Rose each heart to fire and thrill;
Brave and loyal thou are still, Illinois, Illinois!

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois!
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of thy years
Abram Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois, Illinois!

While thy glory we are singing, Illinois, Illinois,
Loyal homage to thee bringing, Illinois, Illinois,
Let us praise His Holy name
Through Whose might all good we claim,
Who has wrought thy wondrous fame, Illinois, Illinois!

During the first stanza the State of Illinois comes in attended by a military escort. She is robed in a gown of gold, with overvesture and cloak of Statehood blue, and carries the State Flag of Illinois. She goes up and stands before the lower of the two seats on the dais. At the conclusion of the State Song she reaches forth her hand with devoted pride.

ILLINOIS: Ever at sound of his majestic name
Swiftly I come across the prairies, far
Golden with corn, or blizzard-swept and white
With winter snow. So now my soul is here
With you who gratefully remember him,
My greatest son. Observant, kindly, firm,
Forgetful of himself and private ends,
Most jocular when most heart-sunk in sadness,
Strong he lifted up the grievous weight,
The fiery burden of distracted times,
And on his high, broad shoulders bore it.

What woman does not watch with loving pride
The stalwart son of her young motherhood!
With fearful ecstasy she sees him grow,
Outstrip her fondest hopes, her best laid plans,
And stride along, a giant among his fellows.
So I.

From out the shelter of my care he went,
Beyond the waving limits of the corn.
He heard his Country's call; he went; he served;
He wrought for her victoriously; and died.

America! Thou Spirit Glorious!
Mother of all the States! Transcendent Soul,
Who everywhere art present, urging us

To ever nobler heights of sacrifice
And service, and most present only there
Where thine ideals most are realized,
My son was dear to you! At thought of him
Thy face, like mine, gleams forth its loving pride:
For truly was he thy son, as well as mine!
Reveal thyself among us, tokening
Thy love for him whose day we recognize!

As Illinois stretches forth her hand in appeal, the Music plays THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. Down the central aisle comes the figure of America, attended by a military escort. She is robed in white, with a golden girdle and a golden Liberty cap. She carries the American Flag in her right hand and wears the Shield of the United States on her left shoulder. She goes up the steps onto the platform and on up the steps of the dais, taking her place in front of the higher seat. All the people of the Convocation join in singing two stanzas of

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust!”
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

America stands in front of her seat, and Illinois remains at the foot of the dais.

AMERICA: I come.

For highly do I honor Lincoln's name:
Through all the States that gather neath the Flag,
Confederate South as well as Federal North,
His name is held in deepest reverence.

But not in mere commemoration now
I come. The Flag is called across the seas,
To lead its hosts to fight for Liberty:
In peril is the Freedom of the World.
Arise! I call,—America! The Flag
Advances! See, it summons you to come!
Yes, every man and woman, every child
Is needed to redeem the stricken earth,
Some fighting with our Allies there in France.
Some working to support them here at home.

You honor Lincoln. Will you follow him?
What would his answer be? The world cannot
Endure half slave, half free. Still do his words
Set fire to the deeds of Illinois?
Still does his spirit lead you all, as then?
Or does there lurk in Illinois a soul,
Although but one, that has not caught the fire
Of his imperial soul,—one poor, mean soul
That would not claim a share in sacrifice,
But fatten safely here in greedy debt
For life and all he has to British blood,
To Belgian courage, to Canadian daring.
And the sacrifices France has made?
Fate had its ruthless way, and Lincoln died;
But does his mighty spirit live here still
Among the sons and daughters of his State?

ILLINOIS: His spirit lives here still!

AMERICA: Choose well your words!
The accolade of sacrifice straight falls
On all who claim them heirs of Lincoln's name.

ILLINOIS: We call upon him now to witness that
We consecrate ourselves, beneath the Flag,
To Liberty and to its rescue!—
Oh Lincoln, spirit freed from earth's strict bonds,
Speak once again thy words of fire, for us,
And once again the State of Illinois
Lead with her Sister States to stake their all
For Freedom and the Rights of all Mankind!

Again the Organ plays the Lincoln music. From one side Lincoln enters. Illinois, the first to see him, raises her flag. Lincoln removing his high stove-pipe hat, bows. The people on the platform rise. Lincoln advances a few steps, then turns and bows, paying his tribute to America. He then stands motionless, his hat in his hand, until the music is finished. Then he raises his hand and speaks. Illinois remains standing at the foot of the dais.

LINCOLN: I cannot fly from my thoughts; my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go.

Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains—its successful *maintenance* against a formidable attempt to overthrow it. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

This is essentially a people's contest, and this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic, or a democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its foes. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We, even *we*

here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth.

We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven; we have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us.

It behooves us then to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness. It is for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that we here highly resolve that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the aid of that Divine Being who ever attended him, we cannot succeed. With that assistance we cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for

good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you, friends and neighbors, an affectionate farewell.

Lincoln bows in tribute to America and departs. The Music at once plays and all the people rise and sing

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His day is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! While God is marching on!

The President of the University then rises and delivers

THE LINCOLN DAY ADDRESS

After this is concluded, there is sung the song,

ON FOREVER, ILLINOIS!

Illinois! Above the prairie
High thine eagle wings his flight,
Watching, vigilant and wary,
Over human toil and right!
Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!
Through the storm sweep on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! The times are calling
Souls that fear no sacrifice!
Men for Liberty are falling;
Will your sons refuse the price?
Scorning danger, on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!
On through death! On, on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! Thy meed of glory
That all men, till years are dust,
Shall thy sons, high famed in story,
Silent, heaven-borne eagles trust!
On through death! On, on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!
Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!
On forever, Illinois!

The Benediction is then pronounced by the President of the University.

PRESIDENT: Now may He who breathes the breath of life into all men breathe His Spirit into the State of Illinois, and into the United States of America, and into All the Peoples of the Earth, inspiring them to do His Holy Will under the perfect Law of Liberty. Amen.

All then join in singing two stanzas of

AMERICA

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

To the Lincoln music, now played as a Recessional March. America and Illinois, with their military escorts, the President and the Deans of the University, and the Committees descend from the platform and go out by the center aisle.

NOTE—The Address of Abraham Lincoln herein presented is a compilation from Lincoln's writings. Nothing has been written in to adapt what he said to the present purpose. The only change is in the last paragraph, taken from the Springfield Farewell, in which the pronoun "I" has been changed to "we". The passages used are, in order, from

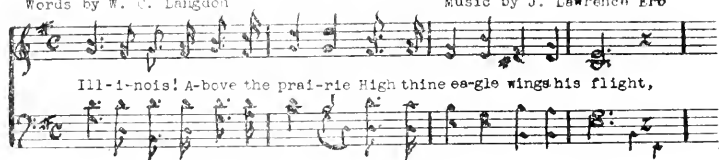
Letter to J. T. Mills, 1861;
Special Session Message to Congress, 1861;
Second Annual Message to Congress, 1862;
Proclamation for Day of Prayer, 1863;
The Gettysburg Address, 1863;
Special Session Message, 1861;
Cooper Union Address, 1860;
Second Inaugural Address, 1865;
The Springfield Farewell, 1861.

W. C. L.

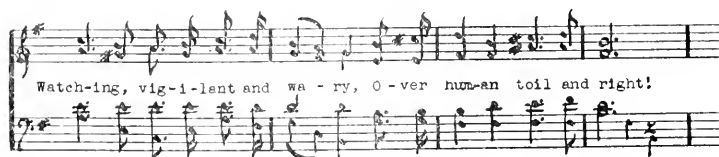
ON FOREVER, ILLINOIS!

Words by W. C. Langdon

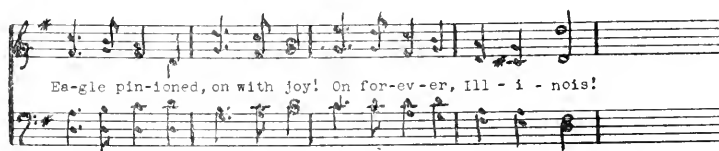
Music by J. Lawrence Erb



Ill-i-nois! A-beve the prai-rie High thine ea-gle wings his flight,



Watch-ing, vig-i-lent and wa-ry, O-ver hum-an toil and right!



Ea-gle pin-ioned, on with joy! On for-ev-er, Ill-i-nois!



Through the storm sweep on with joy! On for-ev-er, Ill-i-nois!

(Copyright, 1918, by W. C. Langdon and J. L. Erb)

Illinois! The times are calling
 Souls that fear no sacrifice!
 Men for Liberty are falling;
 Will your sons refuse the price?
 Scorning danger, on with joy!
 On forever, Illinois!
 On through death! On, on with joy!
 On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! Thy meed of glory
 That all men, till years are dust,
 Shall thy sons, high famed in story,
 Silent, heaven-borne eagles, trust!
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 On forever, Illinois!
 Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!
 On forever, Illinois!

THE LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION
FOR THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*was presented in the Auditorium, February 12, 1918, by the
Committee on Convocations and under the auspices
of the University War Committee.*

THE PERSONS IN THE CONVOCATION

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE DEANS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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THE COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES SCHOOL
OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS

AMERICA Mildred V. Strong

ILLINOIS Lucille Peirson

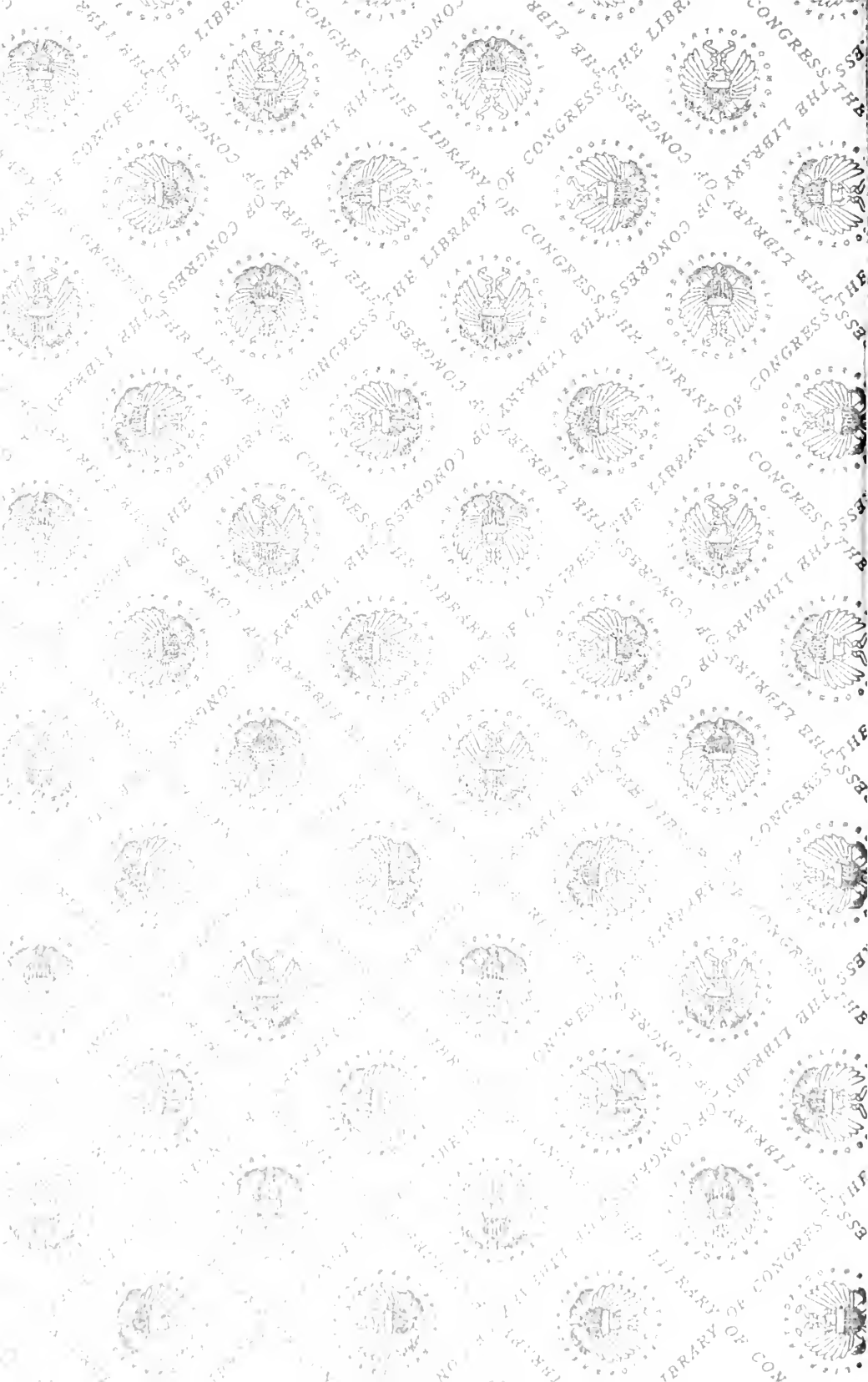
ABRAHAM LINCOLN Kenneth McKenzie

THE MUSIC FOR THE CONVOCATION under the direction of J.
Lawrence Erb, F.A.G.O. The Lincoln Music and the
song, On Forever, Illinois! were composed by him.

THE COSTUMES of America and Illinois were designed by Mrs.
William Chauncy Langdon.

THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE: David Kinley, *Chairman*;
Eugene Davenport, Stephen Alfred Forbes, Frederick
Haynes Newell, Stuart Pratt Sherman, Charles Alton
Ellis, Charles Manfred Thompson.

THE COMMITTEE ON LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION: Daniel
Kilham Dodge, *Chairman*; Ernest Bernbaum, Harry
Franklin Harrington, William Chauncy Langdon, Rex
R. Thompson.





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BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
March - April 1988
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